

And Waller, the gallant and elegant Waller, who never lost sight of an allusion which might add, in the eyes of his mistress, to the vivacity of his attachment, thus immortalizes his numbers, by connecting them with a name which, whilst England exists as a nation, will always be proudly mentioned in her annals.

"Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of Noble SIDNEY's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,

That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love:
His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire."

Sweet sounds often awaken echoes not less sweet; so have these lines of Waller, rushing over a poetic mind, filled it with images of the Sidneys, the Dudleys, the Leicesters of former ages, and brought forth the following interesting picture of the feelings which Penshurst, so long the noble residence of busy and exalted spirits, is calculated to awaken in its present state of comparative desolation and abandonment.

Ye Towers sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all your glories past:
And starting from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obscured by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamours the discordant heron!

The spoiling hand of Time may overturn
These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas whence we love to learn
Sidney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Saved by the historic page—the poet's tender lay!
CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, so intimately associated with these recollections, is above twenty-two feet in girth. Time has begun his depredations upon it, by hollowing the stem, but its branches extend in every direction with an amplitude and vigour that denote it likely to remain for centuries, an object equally pleasing to the eye and interesting to the imagination; and the evident care with which all its lower limbs have been preserved from the axe, which has despoiled so many of its brethren, is one strong proof how much the name connected with it has added to its value in the eyes of its illustrious owners.

PLATE XXVIII.—THE KING OAK.

THIS Oak stands in Savernake Forest, one of the most interesting spots in the kingdom to the lovers of wild woody scenery. Whilst exploring its tangled haunts, and gazing on the massive trunks that every where throw their aged arms across his path, the imagination of the spectator wafts him back to the days of William the Conqueror, and all the vaunted privileges of the chase. It belongs to the Marquis of Aylesbury, and is almost the only forest in England in the hands of a subject; by whom, in strict language, only a chase is tenable. The King Oak, its most venerable ornament, spreads its branches over a diameter of sixty yards, and is twenty-four feet in girth. The trunk is quite hollow, and altogether its appearance of age warrants the idea that it may have witnessed in its infancy, those rites and sacrifices of our Saxon ancestors, which were held in such shadowy recesses, at once to increase their solemnity, and to shield them from the profane eyes of vulgar observers.

PLATE XXIX.—THE TORTWORTH CHESNUT.

This venerable tree is probably the largest, as well as the oldest, now standing in England. It is brought forward in evidence by Dr. Ducarel, in his contest with Daines Barrington, respecting the Chesnut being a native of Britain, as a proof that it is indigenous. In the reign of Stephen, who ascended the throne in 1135, it was deemed so remarkable for its size, that, as appears upon record, it was well known as a signal boundary to